

*Donner, Woodward, 1873*

COLLECTION  
OF  
PSALMS  
AND  
HYMNS,

USED IN THE  
CHURCH of St. MARY,  
in HULL;

AS A  
SUPPLEMENT  
TO THE  
Common Version of the Psalms.

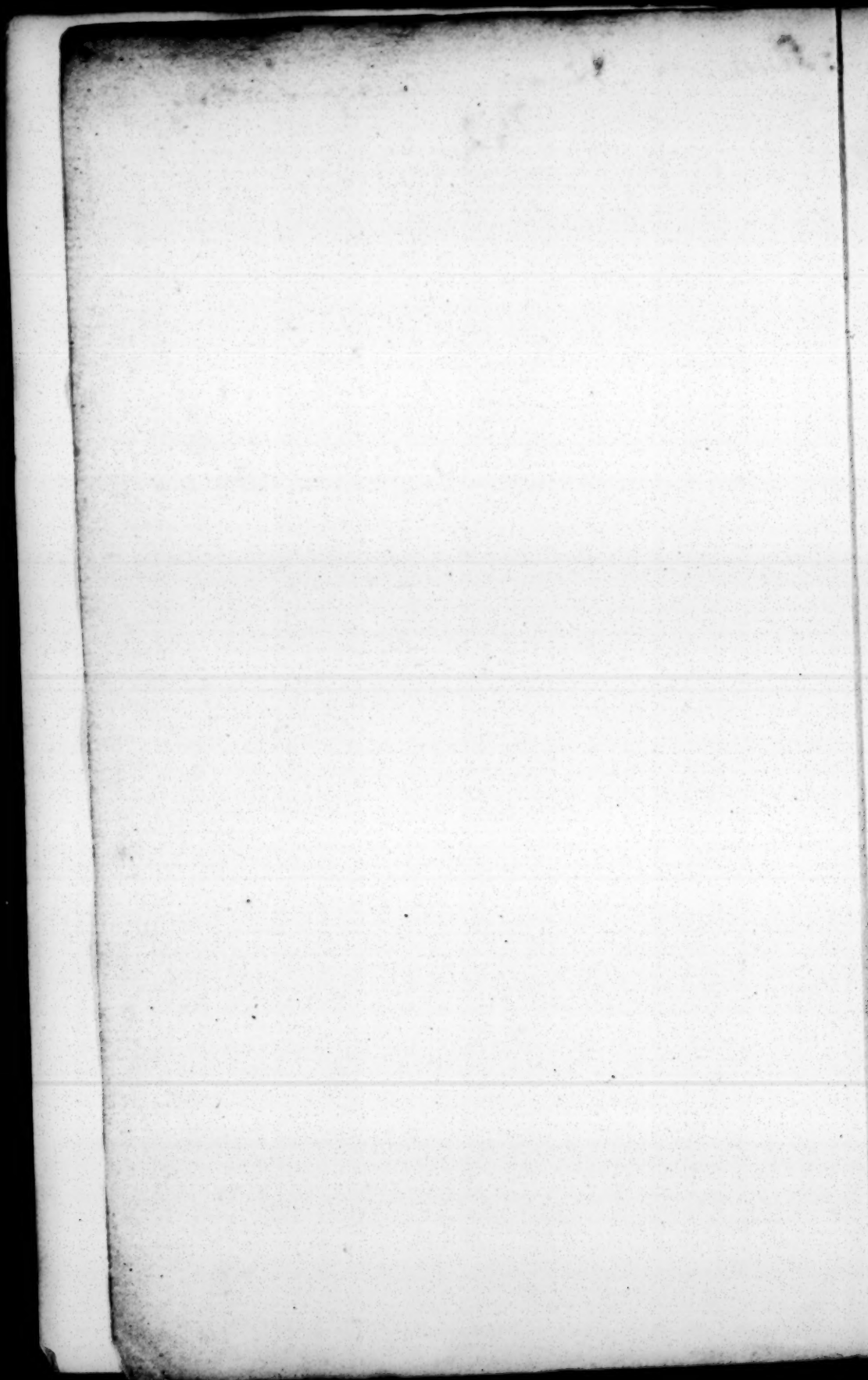


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T H E  
P R E F A C E.

*THO' the reasons which induced the Editor to make this collection will be obvious to most of those for whose accommodation it is intended,—yet in order to prevent any mistake or misconstruction that might possibly arise, it was thought proper to give a brief account of its intention and design. What has given the first occasion for its appearance is, the improvement in Psalmody in the church of St. Mary, which seems no less acceptable to, than generally acknowledged by those who attend that church. In consequence of this attempt to improve the Psalmody, the Singers found it necessary to call to their aid various Psalms and Hymns, of different metres and tunes from those which had usually been sung before; with no design to exclude the Common Version of Psalms used in the Church of England,*  
*but*

but only to enlarge their sphere, and enrich the Singing with greater variety. Whenever such deviation from the Common Version was made, the congregation of course have been at a loss for the words, and thus tho' the tune might be known before, or become familiar by use, they have been hindered from joining with, and enjoying so fully as they might otherwise have done, that delightful part of divine worship. In order therefore to remove this inconvenience, and to comply with the wishes which many have expressed, this little Collection taken chiefly from the Lock-Hymn Tunes, and from the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, is respectfully submitted and recommended to the congregation usually attending at St. Mary's,  
by the

EDITOR.

HULL,  
Sept. 1, 1787.

# A T A B L E

To find any HYMN in this Book by the first Line.

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## M

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H Y M N S  
F O R  
P U B L I C W O R S H I P.

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HYMN I.—KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

1 **A**LMIGHTY God of truth and love,  
In me thy pow'r exert,  
The mountain from my soul remove,  
The hardness of mine heart :  
My most obdurate heart subdue,  
In honour of thy son ;  
And now the gracious wonder shew,  
And take away the stone.

2 I want a principle within,  
Of jealous godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near :  
I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride or vain desire,  
To catch the wand'rings of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve ;  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience give :  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God my conscience make,  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh ;  
And keep it still awake.

## HYMN 2.—LOVE DIVINE.

1 **L**OVE divine all love excelling,  
 Joy of heaven to earth come down!  
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
 All thy faithful mercies crown:  
 Jesus! thou art all compassion,  
 Pure unbounded love thou art,  
 Visit us with thy salvation,  
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe! O breathe! thy loving spirit,  
 Into every troubled breast;  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find thy promis'd rest:  
 Take away the pow'r of sinning,  
 Alpha and Omega be;  
 End of faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come! Almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all thy life receive;  
 Suddenly return and never,  
 Never more thy temples leave!  
 Thee we wou'd be always blessing,  
 Serve thee as thine hosts above;  
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,  
 Pure and spotless may we be,  
 Let us see thy great salvation,  
 Perfectly restor'd by thee!



Chang'd from glory into glory,  
 'Till in heav'n we take our place,  
 'Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

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## HYMN 3.—THE RISING SAVIOUR.

1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!  
 Come, Saints, and drop a tear or two,  
 For him who groan'd beneath your load!  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of glory dies for men!  
 But lo! what sudden joys we see,  
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!  
 The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise,)  
 Angelic legions guard him home,  
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break of your tears, ye Saints, and tell  
 How high our great Deliver reigns,  
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster Death in chains,  
 Say, live for ever wond'rous King  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!  
 Then ask the monster—where's thy sting  
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave?

H Y M N S, &c.

HYMN 4.—HELMSLEY.

- 1 **L**O! he comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain;  
Thousand, thousand Saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah! Amen!
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true MESSIAH see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,  
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate him, must confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day,  
Come to judgment!  
Come to judgment! come away.
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear!  
All his Saints by man rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air;  
Hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear!
- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,  
Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom,  
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,  
Take thy pining exiles home,  
All creation  
Travails! groans! and bids thee come.

- 6 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,  
 High on thine eternal throne!  
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,  
 Claim the kingdom for thine own:  
 O come quickly,  
 Hallelujah! come, Lord come.
- 

HYMN 5.—ON THE NATIVITY.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King;  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
 God and Sinners reconcil'd.  
 Joyful all ye nations rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies,  
 With th' angelic host proclaim,  
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

C H O R U S.

- Hark! the herald angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King.
- 2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
 Late in time behold him come,  
 Offspring of a virgin's womb:  
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,  
 Hail th' incarnate Deity!  
 Pleas'd as man, with men t' appear,  
 Jesus, our Immanuel here.
- Chorus. Hark! the herald, &c.

- 3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace,  
 Hail the Sun of righteousness!  
 Light and life to all he bring,  
 Ris'n with healing in his wings:  
 Mild he lays his glory by,  
 Born that man no more die;  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.

Chorus. Hark! the herald, &c.

- 4 Shout, ye nations of the earth,  
 Sing the triumphs of his birth;  
 All the world by him is blest;  
 Sound his praise from east to west:  
 Jews and Gentiles jointly sing  
 Christ our common Lord and King,  
 Christ our life, our joy, our song,  
 To eternity prolong.

Chorus. Hark! the herald. &c.

#### HYMN 6.—DENBIGH.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator's praise arise,  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
 Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies Lord,  
 Eternal truth attends thy word,  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.



## HYMN 7.—CAMBRIDGE.

1. **F**A T H E R, how wide thy glory shines !  
How high thy wonders rise !  
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousands thro' the skies !

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r ;  
Those motions speak thy skill ;  
And on the wings of ev'ry hour  
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy great design,  
To save rebellious worms ;  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms.

4 Here the whole Deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The justice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;  
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song ;  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

Father how wide, &c.

## HYMN 8.—CHESHUNT.

- 1 **O** UR Lord is risen from the dead,  
 Our Jesus is gone upon high,  
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,  
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay,  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,  
 "Ye everlasting doors give way!"

## T R E B L E     S O L O.

- 3 Loose your bars of massy light,  
 And wide unfold th' etherial scene;  
 He claims these mansions as his right,  
 Receive the King of Glory in!

## C H O R U S.

- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who?  
 The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;  
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;  
 And JESUS is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay,  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,  
 "Ye everlasting doors give way."
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who?  
 The Lord of glorious pow'r possesst,  
 The King of saints and angels too,  
 God over all, for ever blest!

## HYMN 9.—REDEEMING LOVE.

- <sup>1</sup> **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;  
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.
- <sup>2</sup> Ye who see the Father's grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's face;  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- <sup>3</sup> Mournful souls dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears,  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- <sup>4</sup> Ye, alas! who long have been,  
Willing slaves of death and sin;  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop—and taste redeeming love.
- <sup>5</sup> Welcome all by sin oppress'd,  
Welcome to his sacred rest;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.
- <sup>6</sup> He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,  
His tremendous foes and ours;  
From their cursed empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming love.
- <sup>7</sup> Hither then your music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string;  
Mortals join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

## HYMN 10. — DARTMOUTH.

1 **W**E give immortal praise,  
 To God the Father's love,  
 For all our comforts here,  
 And better hopes above;  
 He sent his own  
 Eternal Son,  
 To die for sins,  
 That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs,  
 Immortal glory too,  
 Who bought us with his blood,  
 From everlasting woe:  
 And now he lives,  
 And now he reigns,  
 And sees the fruit  
 Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name,  
 Immortal worship give;  
 Whose pow'r,  
 Makes the dead sinner live:  
 His work completes,  
 The great design,  
 And fills the soul,  
 With joy divine.

4 Almighty God to thee  
 Be endless honours done,  
 The undivided Three,  
 And the mysterious One:  
 Where reason fails  
 With all her pow'rs,  
 There faith prevails,  
 And love adores.



## HYMN II. — HOTHAM.

- 1 JESU, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
All mine help from thee I bring,  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find,  
Raise the fall'n, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind,  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness !  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all our sin :  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make, and keep me pure within :  
Thou of life, the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee,  
Spring thou up within my heart.  
Rise to all eternity !

## HYMN 12. — TO THE TRINITY.

1 COME thou Almighty King,  
 Help us thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise !

Father all glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come and reign over us,  
 Antient of Days.

2 Jesus our Lord arise,  
 Scatter our enemies,  
 And make them fall !  
 Let thine Almighty aid,  
 Our sure defence be made—  
 Our Souls on thee be stay'd—  
 Lord hear our Call !

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
 Gird on thy mighty sword—  
 Our pray'r attend !  
 Come and thy people bless,  
 And give thy Word success,  
 Spirit of holiness  
 On us descend !

4 Come holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear,  
 In this glad hour !  
 Thou who Almighty art,  
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of pow'r !

5 To the great One in Three

Eternal praises be

Hence——evermore !

His sov'reign Majesty

May we in glory see,

And to eternity

Love and adore !

HYMN 13. — CHILTON.

1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty !  
To thee, against myself, to thee,

A worm of earth, I cry :

An half-awaken'd child of man,

An heir of endless bliss or pain ;

A sinner born to die.

2 Lo on a narrow neck of land,

'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,

Secure insensible !

A point of time, a moment's space,

Removes me to that heav'nly place,

Or shuts me up in hell !

3 O God mine inmost soul convert,

And deeply on my thoughtful heart,

Eternal things impress,

Give me to feel their solemn weight,

And tremble on the brink of fate,

And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array,

The pomp of that tremendous day,

When thou with clouds shalt come

To judge the nations at thy bar ;

And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,

To meet a joyful doom ?

- 5 Be this my one great business here,  
 With serious industry and fear  
     My future bliss t' insure !  
 Thy holy counsel to fulfil,  
 To suffer all thy righteous will,  
     And to the end endure !
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
 Transported from the vale to live,  
     And reign with thee above :  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in fight,  
 And hope in full supreme delight,  
     And everlasting love.
- 

## HYMN 14. — KIPPAX.

- 1 **W**HEN I travail in distress,  
 Or grief of any kind,  
 Burden'd with uneasiness  
     Or anguish on my mind,  
 One sweet ray of heav'nly light,  
     Dispels the clouds which intervene,  
 Turns to day the gloomy night,  
     And quite renews the scene.
- 2 My complaints with speed remove,  
 My sorrows turn to joy,  
 Songs of melody and love,  
     Again my tongue employ ;  
 Then I find the resting place,  
 To all the carnal world unknown,  
 There I taste the glorious peace,  
     Felt by the Saints alone.



## HYMN 15.—LOCK TUNE.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad his wonderful name;  
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,  
And still he is nigh, his presence we have:  
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud and honour the Son;  
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore and give him his right:  
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might,  
All honour, and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.
- 

## HYMN 16.—PATIENT'S TUNE.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, whose diligent care,  
Is ever employ'd in watching and pray'r,  
With praises unceasing your Jesus proclaim.  
Rejoicing and blessing his excellent name.
- 2 'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his house,  
And lift up your hands, and pay him your vows;  
And whilst ye are giving your Jesus his due,  
The Lord out of heaven shall sanctify you.

## HYMN 17.—BLENDON:

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon:  
His track I see, and I'll pursue,  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment;  
The King's highway of holiness  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,  
No lover of the world and sin,  
No lion, no devouring care,  
No sin, no sorrow shall be there.
- 4 No, nothing may go up thereon,  
But trav'ling souls, and I am one;  
Way-faring men, to Canaan bound,  
Shall only in the way be found.
- 5 This is the way I long have fought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not:  
My grief has long a burden been,  
Because I cou'd not cease from sin.
- 6 The more I strove against its pow'r,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, Soul, I am the way."
- 7 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest'd Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am;  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 8 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God"!

## HYMN 18. — DORSET.

- <sup>1</sup> **H**OW sad our state by nature is,  
Our sin how deep it stains !  
And Satan binds our captive souls,  
Fast in his slavish chains ;  
But there's a voice of sov'reign grace,  
Sounds from God's sacred word,  
Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord.
- <sup>2</sup> O may we hear th' Almighty call,  
And run to this relief !  
We would believe thy promise, Lord,  
O help our unbelief !  
To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
Teach us, O Lord, to fly ;  
There may we wash our spotted souls  
From crimes of deepest dye !
- <sup>3</sup> Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,  
Out reigning sins subdued ;  
Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
With his infernal crew :  
Poor guilty, weak, and helpless worms,  
Into thine hand we fall :  
Be thou our strength and righteousness,  
Our Jesus, and our All !
- 

## HYMN 19. — WANDSWORTH.

- <sup>1</sup> **O** Sun of righteousness arise,  
With healing in thy wings,  
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,  
Thy light salvation brings.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,  
By thine all-piercing beam,  
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart  
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind by thy all quick'ning power,  
From low desires set free,  
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix  
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive,  
Saviour, thy purchase own;  
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy,  
Thy new-made creature crown.

H Y M N 20.—MOLESWORTH.

1 **A**RISE my soul with wonder see,  
What love divine for thee hath done,  
Behold thy sorrow, sin, and grief,  
Are laid on God's eternal Son.

2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;  
Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so bright a crown.

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.



## HYMN 21.—BUXTON.

- <sup>1</sup> **A**WAKE and sing the song,  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
  - <sup>2</sup> Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising pow'r,  
Sing how he intercedes above,  
For those whose sins he bore.
  - <sup>3</sup> Sing till we feel our hearts,  
Ascending with our tongues;  
Sing till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.
  - <sup>4</sup> Sing on your heav'nly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,  
In Christ th' eternal king.
  - <sup>5</sup> Soon shall ye hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children come;"  
Soon will he call ye hence away,  
And take his wand'ers home.
- 

## HYMN 22.—RICHMOND.

- <sup>1</sup> **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,  
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- <sup>2</sup> Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them for thy blood.

## HYMN 23.—CIRENCESTER.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, y'immortal choir,  
That fill the realms above ;  
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,  
And feeds you with his love ;  
Shine to his praise ye crystal skies,  
The floor of his abode ;  
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,  
Before your brighter God.
- 2 Thou refless globe of golden light,  
Whose beams create our days.  
Join with the silver queen of night,  
To own your borrow'd rays ;  
Winds, ye shall hear his name aloud,  
Thro' the ethereal blue ;  
For when his chariot is a cloud,  
He makes his wheels of you.
- 3 Thunder, and hail, and fire, and storms,  
The troops of his command,  
Appear in all your dreadful forms,  
And speak his awful hand :  
Shout to the Lord ye surging seas,  
In your eternal roar ;  
Let waves to waves resound his praise,  
And shore reply to shore.
- 4 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,  
To him that bids you grow :  
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,  
On ev'ry thankful bough :  
Thus while the meaner creatures sing,  
Ye mortals, take the sound ;  
Echo the glories of your King.  
Thro' all the nations round.

## HYMN 24.—LEEDS.

- <sup>1</sup> JESUS, thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- <sup>2</sup> When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies;  
Ev'n then, shall this be all my plea,  
"Jesus hath liv'd hath dy'd for me."
- <sup>3</sup> Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay?  
Fully thro' thee absolved I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- <sup>4</sup> Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- <sup>5</sup> This spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The grace of Christ is ever new.
- <sup>6</sup> O let the dead now hear thy voice,  
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

## HYMN 25.—HUDDERSFIELD.

- <sup>1</sup> MY hiding place, my refuge, tow'r,  
And shield art thou, O Lord!  
I firmly anchor all my hopes,  
On thy unerring word.

- 2 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines;  
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze,  
Those everlasting lines.
- 3 The sacred word of grace is strong,  
As that which built the skies:  
The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Spake all the promises.
- 4 My hiding place, my refuge, tow'r,  
And shield art thou, O Lord!  
I firmly anchor all my hopes,  
On thy unerring word.
- 

## H Y M N 26.—H A L L I F A X.

- 1 **H**O! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,  
'Tis god invites the fallen race;  
Mercy and free salvation buy,  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
- 2 Come, to the living waters come,  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;  
Return, ye weary wand'ers home,  
And find my grace reach'd out to all.
- 3 See, from the rock a fountain rise!  
For you in healing streams it rolls;  
Money, ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
Leave all you have, and are behind;  
Frankly the gift of God receive,  
Pardon, and peace, in Jesus find.



## HYMN 27.—SCARBOROUGH.

- 1 **W**HAT shall we render unto thee,  
Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r!  
Teach us to bow the humble knee,  
Teach us with thankfulness t' adore;  
To praise thee as the hosts above,  
To praise thee for thy wond'rous love.
- 2 When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,  
And left the watchful shepherd's eye;  
When borne along th' impetuous tide,  
Of this world's sin, and vanity;  
Our Jesus from the heav'ns came down,  
To save us by his grace alone.
- 3 He bore our sins upon the tree,  
To seek and save the lost he came,  
There was he bound to set us free  
From death and everlasting shame:  
The captive flock from hell was freed,  
And ransom'd when their shepherd bled.
- 4 Before the Father's awful throne,  
Our merciful High Priest he stands;  
And interceding for his own,  
The purchas'd remnant now demands,  
His people's everlasting friend,  
Who loving—loves them to the end.
- 5 May we his banish'd ones rejoice,  
Him for our Lord and God to own,  
To take him as our only choice,  
And cleave to him in love alone;  
Be growing up in holiness,  
Then meet him in the realms of peace.

- 6 Then shall our grateful songs abound,  
 And ev'ry tear be wip'd away ;  
 No sin, no sorrow shall be found,  
 No night o'er-cloud the endless day :  
 O praise him ! all beneath, above,  
 O praise him ! praise the God of love.
- 

## HYMN 28. — CHELSEA.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace,  
 Of our High Priest above ;  
 His heart is made of tenderness,  
 His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
 He knows our feeble frame ;  
 He knows what fore temptations mean,  
 For he has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
 Pour'd out his cries and tears ;  
 And in his measure feels,  
 What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
 But raise it to a flame,  
 The bruized reed he never breaks,  
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address,  
 His mercy and his pow'r ;  
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,  
 In the distressing hour.

## HYMN 29.—WINDSOR.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,  
 In concert with the blest;  
 Who joyful in harmonious lays,  
 Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, whilst we remember thee,  
 We blest and pious grow!  
 By hymns of praise we learn to be  
 Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene  
 Of glory was display'd  
 By God, th' eternal word, than when  
 This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind hath bought  
 With grief and pain extreme;  
 'Twas great to speak the world from nought,  
 'Twas greater to redeem!

## HYMN 30.—MILBANK.

- 1 **O**F him who did salvation bring,  
 Lord may we ever think and sing,  
 Arise ye guilty, he'll forgive,  
 Arise ye needy, he'll relieve.
- Eternal Lord, Almighty King,  
 All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring!  
 Thou conqu'rest all beneath, above,  
 Devils with force, and men with love.
- 3 To purge our sins, Christ shed his blood,  
 He dy'd to bring us near to God;  
 Let all the world fall down and know,  
 That none but God such love could show.

## HYMN 31. — E D G C U M B E.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so?  
 Awake my sluggish soul;  
 Nothing hath half thy work to do,  
 Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants—for one poor grain,  
 See how they toil and strive;  
 Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain,  
 How negligent we live.
- 3 We for whom God the Son came down,  
 And labour'd for our good;  
 How careless to secure that crown,  
 He purchas'd with his blood.
- 4 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,  
 And never act our parts;  
 Come, Lord, thy gracious word fulfil,  
 And warm our frozen hearts.
- 5 Give us with active warmth to move,  
 With vig'rous souls to rise;  
 With hands of faith and wings of love,  
 To fly and take the prize.
- 

## HYMN 32. — C A N T E R B U R Y.

- 1 **H**AIL great Immanuel! balmy name,  
 Thy praise the ransom'd will proclaim,  
 We thee physician call;  
 We own no other cure but thine,  
 Thou the deliverer divine,  
 Our health! our life! our all.



## HYMN 32. — T U R I N.

**S**ON of God ! thy blessing grant,  
 Still supply my ev'ry want ;  
 Tree of life thine influence shed,  
 With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas ! am I,  
 Wither without thee and die ;  
 Weak as helpless infancy,  
 O confirm my soul in thee.

3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall,  
 Send the strength for which I call !  
 Weaker than a bruised reed,  
 Help I ev'ry moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend,  
 Love me, save me to the end ;  
 Give me the continuing grace,  
 Take the everlasting praise.

## HYMN 33. — M O N T P E L I E R.

1 **G**LORY be to God on high,  
 God whose glory fills the sky :  
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,  
 Man the well belov'd of heav'n,  
 Glory be to God, &c.

2 Christ our Lord and God we own,  
 Christ the Father's only Son ;  
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
 Saviour of offending man.  
 Glory be to God, &c.

## HYMN 34. — YARMOUTH.

- 1 **C**OME ye that love the Lord,  
 And let your joys be known  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 While ye surround the throne:  
 The sorrows of the mind,  
 Be banish'd from the place;  
 Religion never was design'd,  
 To make our pleasures less.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
 Who never knew our God;  
 But children of the heav'nly King  
 Will speak their joys abroad:  
 The men of grace have found,  
 Glory begun below;  
 Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,  
 From faith and hope may grow,
- 3 The hill of Zion yields,  
 A thousand sacred sweets;  
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
 Or walk the golden streets:  
 Then let our songs abound,  
 And ev'ry tear be dry;  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground  
 To fairer worlds on high.

## HYMN 35. — PELHAM.

- 1 **M**Y soul repeat his praise,  
 Whose mercies are so great;  
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
 So ready to abate,

High as the heav'ns are rais'd  
 Above the ground we tread;  
 So far the riches of his grace,  
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

2 The pity of the Lord,  
 To those that fear his name,  
 Is such as tender parents feel,  
 He knows our feeble frame :  
 Our days are as the grass,  
 Or like the morning flow'r :  
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
 It withers in an hour.

3 But thy compassions, Lord,  
 To endless years endure ;  
 And children's children ever find  
 Thy word of promise sure,  
 My soul, repeat his praise,  
 Whose mercies are so great, &c.

## H Y M N 36. — NANTWICH.

1 **O** GOD, how endless is thy love !  
 Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;  
 And morning mercies from above,  
 Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,  
 Great guardian of our sleeping hours ;  
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.

3 We yield our pow'rs to thy command,  
 To thee we consecrate our days,  
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand,  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

## HYMN 37. — SHREWSBURY.

1 **H**OLY lamb, who thee receive,  
 Who in thee begin to live,  
 Day and night they cry to thee,  
 As thou art, so let us be !  
 Fix, O fix each wav'ring mind,  
 To thy cross our spirit bind,  
 Earthly passions far remove,  
 Perfect all our souls in love.

2 Dust and ashes tho' we be,  
 Full of guilt and misery ;  
 Thine we are, thou son of God !  
 Take the purchase of thy blood :  
 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,  
 Love unspeakable are thine ;  
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n  
 Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n.

## HYMN 38. — STRATHAM.

1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know,  
 The gospel's joyful sound,  
 Peace shall attend the path they go,  
 And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
 Thro' their redeemer's name :  
 His righteousness exalts their hope,  
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord our glory and defence,  
 Strength and salvation gives ;  
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
 Thy God for ever lives.



## HYMN 39. — CHRISTMAS.

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads in joyful hope,  
 Salute the happy morn ;  
 Each heav'nly pow'r,  
 Proclaims the glad hour,  
 Lo ! Jesus the Saviour is born.
- 2 All glory be to God on high,  
 To him all praise is due ;  
 The promise is seal'd,  
 The Saviour's reveal'd,  
 And proves that the record is true.
- 3 Let joy around like rivers flow.  
 Flow on, and still increase ;  
 Spread o'er the glad earth  
 At Jesus his birth,  
 For heav'n and earth are at peace.
- 4 Now the good-will of heaven is shewn,  
 Tow'rds Adam's helpless race,  
 Messiah is come,  
 To ransom his own,  
 To save them by infinite grace.
- 5 The let us join the heavens above,  
 Where hymning Seraphs sing,  
 Join all the glad pow'rs,  
 For their Lord is ours,  
 Our prophet, our Priest, and our King.

## HYMN 40. — BERWICK.

- 1 **T**HOU dear redeemer, dying lamb,  
 We love to hear of thee ;  
 No music like thy charming name,  
 Nor half so sweet can be.

- 2 O may we ever hear thy voice,  
 In mercy to us speak;  
 And in our Priest will we rejoice,  
 Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
 While in this world we stay;  
 We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,  
 When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
 With all his favour'd throng;  
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud.  
 And Christ shall be our song.
- 

## H Y M N 41. — LANCASTER.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,  
 And keeps his court below;  
 Praise the holy God of love,  
 And all his greatness show:  
 Praise him for his noble deeds,  
 Praise him for his matchless pow'r;  
 Him from whom all good proceeds,  
 Let heav'n and earth adore.
- 2 Publish, spread, to all around,  
 The great Immanuel's name;  
 Let the trumpet's martial sound  
 Him Lord of Hosts proclaim:  
 Praise him ev'ry tuneful string,  
 All the reach of heav'nly art,  
 All the pow'rs of music bring,  
 The music of the heart.

H Y M N 42.—BEDFORD.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,  
Glory to our God and King;  
Meet in ev'ry time and place,  
To rehearse his solemn praise.
- 2 Join, ye saints, the song around,  
Angels help the chearful sound;  
Publish thro' the world abroad,  
Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises here to thee we give,  
Gracious thou our thanks receive;  
Holy Father, Sov'reign Lord,  
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd!
- 4 Tho' th' injurious world exclaim,  
Sing we still in Jesu's name;  
Saviour, thee we ever bless,  
Thee our Lord and God confess.

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H Y M N 43.—MANSFIELD.

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls, awake our fears,  
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;  
Awake and run the heav'nly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But we forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 O mighty God, thy matchless pow'r  
Is ever new and ever young;  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
 Believers drink a fresh supply :  
 While such as trust their native strength,  
 Shall fade away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
 O may we mount to thine abode !  
 On wings of love, to Jesus fly,  
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN 44. — LAMBETH.

1 **L**ONG have we sat beneath the sound,  
 Of thy salvation, Lord !  
 But still how weak our faith is found,  
 And knowledge of thy word.

2 Oft we frequent thine holy place,  
 Yet hear almost in vain ;  
 How small a portion of thy grace,  
 Do our false hearts retain.

3 Our gracious Saviour and our God,  
 How little art thou known :  
 By all the judgments of thy rod,  
 And blessings of thy throne.

4 How cold and feeble is our love,  
 How negligent our fears !  
 How low our hope of joys above,  
 How few affections there !

5 Great God thy sov'reign aid impart,  
 To give thy word success ;  
 Write thy salvation on our heart,  
 And make us learn thy grace.



- 6 Shew our forgetful feet the way,  
That leads to joys on high :  
Where knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.
- 

## HYMN 45. — KINGSTON.

- 1 **H**AIL holy, holy, holy, Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee !  
Supreme, essential one, ador'd,  
In co-eternal Three !  
Enthron'd in everlasting state,  
E'er time its round began,  
Who join'd in council to create,  
The dignity of man.
- 2 To whom Isaiah's vision shew'd,  
The Seraphs veil their wings,  
While thee Jehovah, Lord, and God,  
Th' angelic army sings :  
To thee by mystic pow'rs on high,  
Were humble praises given ;  
When John beheld with favour'd eye,  
Th' inhabitants of heav'n.
- 3 All that the name of creature owns,  
To thee in hymns aspire !  
May we as angels on our thrones,  
For ever join the choir !  
Hail holy, holy, holy Lord !  
Be endless praise to thee :  
Supreme, essential one, ador'd,  
In co-eternal Three,

## HYMN 46. — LOTHBURY.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR ! and can it be,  
 That thou should'st dwell with me !  
 From thine high and lofty throne,  
 Throne of everlasting bliss ;  
 Will thy majesty stoop down  
 To so mean a house as this !
- 2 I am not worthy, Lord,  
 So foul and self-abhor'd,  
 Thee my God, to entertain  
 In this polluted heart :  
 I'm a frail and sinful man,  
 All my nature, cries, " depart !"
- 3 Yet come, thou heav'nly guest,  
 And purify my breast !  
 Come thou great and glorious King !  
 While before thy cross I bow ;  
 With thy self salvation bring,  
 Give me all thy love to know !
- 

## HYMN 47. — ROEHAMPTON

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs,  
 To an immortal tune ;  
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds,  
 Celestial grace has done :  
 Sing how eternal love,  
 Its chief beloved chose,  
 And bid him raise our wretched race,  
 From their abyss of woes.

- 2 His hand no thunder bears,  
 No terror cloaths his brow ;  
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls,  
 To fiercer flames below :  
 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
 And wrath stood silent by,  
 When Christ was sent with pardons down,  
 To rebels doom'd to die.
- 3 Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
 Let hopeless sorrows cease ;  
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
 And take the offer'd peace :  
 May we obey the call !  
 And lay an humble claim,  
 To the salvation he hath brought,  
 And love and praise his name !
- 

## HYMN 48. — B R E D B Y.

- 1 **N**OW to the pow'r of God supreme,  
 Be everlasting honour giv'n,  
 He saves from hell, (we bless his name)  
 He calls lost wand'ring souls to heav'n.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
 But of his own abounding grace,  
 He works salvation in our hearts,  
 And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that began,  
 To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;  
 He gave us grace in Christ his son,  
 Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,  
 And makes his father's councils known,  
 Declares his great transactions past,  
 And brings immortal blessings down.

## HYMN 49. — DEPTFORD.

1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in three, and three in one ;  
As by the celestial host,

Let thy will on earth be done :  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

2 If so poor a worm as I,  
May to thy great glory live,  
All mine actions sanctify,  
All my thoughts and words receive:  
Claim me for thy service—claim,  
All I have, and all I am.

3 Take my soul and body's pow'r,  
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,  
All my goods and all mine hours,  
All I know, and all I feel ;  
All I think, and speak, and do,  
Take mine heart—but make it new.

3 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One ;  
As by the celestial host,  
Let thy will on earth be done !  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

## HYMN 50. — ISLINGTON.

1 **B**LEST be the Father and his love,  
To whose celestial source we owe ;  
Rivers of endless joys above,  
And rills of comfort here below.



H Y M N S, &c.

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- 2 Glory to thee, great son of God !  
Forth from thy wounded body rolls,  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred spirit praise,  
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,  
Makes living springs of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, we adore,  
That sea of life and love unknown,  
Without a bottom or a shore.
- 

H Y M N 51. — C L A P H A M.

- 1 **L**ET earth and heav'n agree,  
Angels and men be join'd,  
To celebrate with me,  
The Saviour of mankind ;  
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the fount of Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound !  
The joy of earth and heav'n,  
No other help is found,  
No other name is giv'n,  
By which we can salvation have—  
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus ! harmonious name !  
It charms the hosts above ;  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at his love !  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,  
 And is from sin set free ;  
 'Tis music in his ears,  
 'Tis life and victory :  
 New songs do now his lips employ,  
 And his glad heart exults with joy.

---

HYMN 52. — TADCASTER.

1 **C**OME thou fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace !  
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;  
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it—  
 Mount of God's unchanging love !

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home :  
 Jesus fought me when a stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God of love—  
 Take my heart—O take and feel it !  
 Seal it to thy courts above.

## H Y M N 53. — COLCHESTER.

1 **T**H' extent of Jesus' love  
 What heart can comprehend?  
 A breadth whose distance none can prove:  
 A length without an end.  
 The first-born seraphs try  
 The myst'ry to explore,  
 They cannot find it out; for why?  
 The curse they never bore.

2 The grace unsearchable,  
 Transcending human thought;  
 Who, who, in earth or heav'n can tell,  
 Or find the wonder out?  
 All the angelic choir  
 Unite to give him praise;  
 And saints redeeming love admire,  
 And loud hosannas raise.

3 To Christ we lift our voice,  
 Who have redemption found;  
 And in his name alone rejoice,  
 Whence all our joys abound;  
 This cures the burden'd mind,  
 This calms the troubled heart;  
 This manifests the Saviour kind,  
 And bids our fears depart.

## H Y M N 54. — DENMARK.

1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone!  
 He can create, and he destroy.

- 2 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise;  
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with founding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
 Vast as eternity thy love;  
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

## HYMN 55. — CRESWICK.

- 1 COME let us join our chearful songs,  
 With angels round the throne;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died for us,  
 To be exalted thus;  
 Worthy the Lamb our hearts reply,  
 For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive,  
 Honour and pow'r divine;  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be Lord for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.



## H Y M N 56. — GREENWICH.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay;  
Without one chearful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace,  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and O! amazing love!  
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills,  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues,  
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.
- 

## H Y M N 57. — FALMOUTH.

- 1 **L**ORD we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
O! do not our suit disdain,  
Shall we seek thee Lord in vain.
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

- 3 In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee here we stay :  
Lord, we know not how to go !  
'Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return :  
Those that are cast down lift up,  
Make them strong in faith and hope
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find,  
Thee a God sincere and kind :  
Heal the sick the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in thee !

## H Y M N 58.—S U S S E X.

- 1 **O**UR shepherd alone,  
The Lord let us bless ;  
Who reigns on the throne,  
The prince of our peace.
- 2 Who evermore save us  
By shedding his blood :  
All hail ! holy Jesus !  
Our Lord and our God.
- 3 We daily will sing,  
Thy merits, thy praise ;  
Thou merciful spring  
Of pity and grace.

4 Thy kindness for ever,  
 To men we will tell;  
 And say, our dear Saviour  
 Redeems us from hell.

5 Preserve us in love,  
 While here we abide,  
 Nor ever remove,  
 Nor cover, nor hide.

6 Thy glorious salvation,  
 'Till joyful we see  
 The beautiful vision  
 Completed in thee.

## HYMN 59. — CROYDON.

1 " 'TIS finish'd," the Redeemer said,  
 And meekly bow'd his dying head,  
 Whilst we this sentence scan :

Come sinners and observe the word,  
 Behold the conquests of our Lord,  
 Compleat for helpless man.

2 Finish'd the righteousness of grace,  
 Finish'd for sinners pard'ning peace,  
 Their mighty debt is paid ;  
 Accusing law cancell'd by blood,  
 And wrath of an offending God  
 In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim ?  
 The law no longer can condemn,  
 Faith a release can shew :  
 Justice itself a friend appears,  
 The prison-house a whisper hears,  
 " Loose him, and let him go."

- 4 O unbelief, injurious bar !  
 Source of tormenting fruitless fear,  
 Why dost thou yet reply ?  
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,  
 " 'Tis finish'd," still may answer all,  
 And silence ev'ry cry.
- 

## HYMN 60. — IPSWICH.

- 1 **D**EEP in the dust before thy throne,  
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;  
 Great God we own th' unhappy name,  
 Whence sprung our nature and our shame.
- 2 But whilst our spirits fill'd with awe,  
 Behold the terrors of thy law ;  
 We sing the honours of thy grace,  
 That sent to save a ruined race.
- 3 We sing thine everlasting son,  
 Who join'd our nature to his own ;  
 Adam the second from the dust,  
 Raises the ruins of the first.
- 4 Where sin did reign and death abound,  
 There have the sons of Adam found,  
 Abounding life there glorious grace,  
 Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.
- 

## HYMN 61. — LITCHFIELD.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,  
 Our Saviour and our king ;  
 Let all the saints below the skies,  
 Their humble praises bring.



- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care ;  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He shall present his saints,  
Unblemish'd and compleat ;  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed,  
Shall meet around his throne ;  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our redeeming God,  
Wisdom and pow'r belongs ;  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

## H Y M N 62.—AMESBURY.

- 1 **C**OME let us a-new,  
Our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till our Master appear.  
His adorable will  
Let us gladly fulfil ;  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream,  
Our time, as a stream  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :

The arrow is flown,  
 The moment is gone;  
 The millennial year  
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day,  
 Of his coming may say,  
 "I have fought my way thro',  
 "I have finish'd the work thou did'st give me to do!"  
 O that each from the Lord  
 May receive the glad word:  
 "Well and faithfully done;  
 "Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

## H Y M N 63.—S H E L D O N.

1 **H**APPY the heart, where graces reign,  
 Where love inspires the breast!  
 Love is the brightest of the train,  
 And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
 And all in vain our fear:  
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
 If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet  
 In swift obedience move:  
 The devils know and tremble too—  
 But satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
 When faith and hope shall cease:  
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 When join'd to that harmonious throng,  
 That fills the choirs above:  
 Then shall we tune our golden harps,  
 And every note be love.

## H Y M N 64.—A L T O N.

1 **H**ITHER ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,  
 A sin disorder'd trembling throng,  
 To you the gospel calls,  
 To you Messiah's blessings all belongs.

2 Reason's and Virtue's boasting sons  
 Derive no blessing from his tree ;  
 For sinners only Jesus dy'd,  
 Then sure I hear he dy'd for me.

3 'Twas with our grief Messiah groan'd,  
 'Twas with our guilt his soul was try'd ;  
 Our punishment he took, he bore,  
 And sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.

4 Awake each heart, arise each soul  
 And join the blissful choirs above ;  
 May nothing tune our future songs,  
 But heavenly wisdom, heavenly love.

## H Y M N 65.—B E N N I N G T O N.

1 **H**AIL! thou once-despised Jesus!  
 Hail! thou Galilean King!  
 Who didst suffer to release us,  
 Who didst free salvation bring!  
 Hail! thou glorious God and Saviour,  
 Thou hast borne our sin and shame,  
 Thro' whose merit we find favour ;  
 Life is given thro' thy name!

2 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,  
 There for ever to abide!  
 All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side:

There for sinners thou art pleading,  
 Spare them yet another year;  
 There for saints art interceding,  
 'Till in glory they appear.

- 3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
 Christ is worthy to receive,  
 Loudest praises without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give:  
 Help ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,  
 Help to sing our Jesu's merits,  
 Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise.

H Y M N 66.—L E I N S T E R.

- 1 **H**O! every one that thirsts draw nigh,  
 'Tis God invites the fallen race;  
 Mercy and free salvation buy,  
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace!  
 Come, to the living waters, come,  
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call!  
 Return ye weary wand'ers home,  
 And find my grace reach'd out to all.

- 2 See! from the rock a fountain rise,  
 For you in healing streams it rolls;  
 Money ye need not bring nor price,  
 Ye lab'ring, weary, sin-sick souls:  
 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
 Leave all you have and are behind;  
 Frankly the gift of God receive,  
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.



## H Y M N 67. — B A T H.

- 1 **D**E A R object of our strong desire,  
 How long protracted is thy day;  
 When bursting forth in vivid fire,  
 Thy teeming glories thou'lt display:  
 With various ills encompass'd round,  
 Maintaining still disputed grounds;  
 Lo! patience waits a silent maid,  
 By hope in azure robe array'd.
- 2 She waits for sure not distant far,  
 The day that all our mis'ry heals;  
 Me thinks I hear thy rattling car,  
 The thunder or thy burning wheels:  
 The trumpets sounds! the dead arise!  
 Jesus triumphant thro' the skies,  
 Descends his kingdom to maintain,  
 And pour the glories of his reign.

## H Y M N 68. — W O R C E S T E R.

- 1 **I**N this world of sin and sorrow,  
 Compass'd round with many a care,  
 From eternity we borrow,  
 Hope that can exclude despair:  
 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour!  
 In the glass of faith we see;  
 O! assist each faint endeavour;  
 Raise our earth-born souls to thee.
- 2 Place that awful scene before us  
 Of the last tremendous day,  
 When to life thou wilt restore us,  
 Ling'ring ages haste away:

Then this vile and sinful nature  
 Incorruption shall put on ;  
 Life renewing, glorious Saviour,  
 Let thy gracious will be done.

---

## HYMN 69.

- 1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
 When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
 Against the sons of God's delight,  
 And friends betray'd him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
 He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake :  
 What love thro' all his actions ran !  
 What wond'rous works of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin ;  
 " Receive and eat the living food :"  
 Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine ;  
 " 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- [4 For us his vital blood was spilt,  
 To buy the pardon of our guilt ;  
 When for black crimes of biggest size,  
 He gave his soul a sacrifice.]
- 5 " Do this, he cry'd, 'till time shall end,  
 " In mem'ry of your dying friend ;  
 " Meet at my table and record  
 " The love of your departed Lord."
- [6 Jesus ! thy feast we celebrate,  
 We shew thy death, we sing thy name ;  
 'Till thou return, and we shall eat  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

## H Y M N 70.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints,  
To meet around his board;  
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold  
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh;  
He bids us drink his blood:  
Amazing favour, matchless grace  
Of our descending God!
- 3 This holy bread and wine  
Maintains our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And int'rest in his death.
- 4 Our heav'nly father calls  
Christ and his members one;  
We the young children of his love,  
And he the first-born son.
- 5 Let all our pow'rs be join'd  
His glorious name to raise;  
Pleasure and love fill every mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.

## H Y M N 71.

- 1 HOW condescending and how kind  
Was God's eternal Son!  
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,  
And pity brought him down.
- [2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,  
Drew forth its dreadful sword,  
He gave his soul up to the stroke,  
Without a murm'ring word.]

[3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,  
 To raise us to his throne :  
 There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows  
 But cost his heart a groan.]

4 This was compassion like a God,  
 That when the Saviour knew  
 The price of pardon was his blood,  
 His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,  
 His love is still as great :  
 Well he remembers Calvary ;  
 Nor let his saints forget.

[6 Here we behold his bowels roll  
 As kind as when he dy'd,  
 And see the sorrows of his soul,  
 Bleed thro' his wounded side.

7 Here we receive repeated seals  
 Of Jesus' dying love ;  
 Hard is the wretch that never feels  
 One soft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
 While we his death record ;  
 And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
 Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

## H Y M N 72.

1 **L**ET us adore th' eternal word,  
 'Tis he our souls hath fed ;  
 Thou art our living stream, O Lord,  
 And thou th' immortal bread.



- [2 The manna came from lower skies,  
But Jesus from above,  
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,  
And rivers flow with love.]
- 3 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh  
To nourish dying men;  
And often spreads his table fresh,  
Lest we should faint again.
- 4 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,  
Whilst Jesus finds supplies;  
Nor shall our graces sink to death,  
For Jesus never dies.
- [5 Daily our mortal flesh decays,  
But Christ our life shall come;  
His unresisted pow'r shall raise  
Our bodies from the tomb.]
- 

## H Y M N 73.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not;  
And carnal objects court our eyes,  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face;  
And to refresh our minds he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread  
With his own flesh and dying blood;  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And taste the wine and bless the God.

- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
 And earth grow less in our esteem;  
 Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,  
 And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,  
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place;  
 That we may dwell in heav'nly light,  
 And live for ever near his face.
- 

## H Y M N 74.

- 1 **C**OME let us join a joyful tune,  
 To our exalted Lord,  
 Ye saints on high around his throne,  
 And we around his board.
- 2 While once upon this lower ground  
 Weary and faint ye stood;  
 What dear refreshment here ye found,  
 From this immortal food!
- 3 The tree of life, that near the throne,  
 In heav'n's high garden grows;  
 Laden with grace, bends gently down,  
 Its ever-smiling boughs.
- 4 Now let the flaming weapon stand,  
 And guard all Eden's trees;  
 There's ne'er a plant in all that land,  
 That bears such fruit as these.
- 5 Infinite grace our souls adore,  
 Whose wond'rous hands has made,  
 This living branch of sov'reign pow'r  
 To raise and heal the dead.

## H Y M N 75.

- 1 **C**OME! let us all unite to praise,  
The Saviour of mankind;  
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays,  
Be with our voices join'd.
  - 2 But how shall dust his worth declare,  
When angels try in vain;  
Their faces veil when they appear,  
Before the Son of Man!
  - 3 O Lord! we cannot silent be,  
By love we are constrain'd,  
To offer our best thanks to thee,  
Our Saviour and our friend!
  - 4 Though feeble are our best essays,  
Thy love will not despise;  
Our grateful songs of humble praise,  
Our well meant sacrifice.
- 

## H Y M N 76.

- 1 **L**ET all our tongues be one,  
To praise our God on high;  
Who from his bosom sent his Son  
To fetch us strangers nigh.
- 2 Nor let our voices cease,  
To sing the Saviour's name:  
Jesus th' ambassador of peace,  
How chearfully he came.

- 3 It cost him cries and tears,  
To bring us near to God :  
Great was our debt, and he appears  
To make the payment good.
- 4 Look up, my soul, to him  
Whose death was thy desert ;  
And humbly view the living stream,  
Flow from his breaking heart.
- 5 There on the curfed tree,  
In dying pangs he lies ;  
Fulfil his Father's great decree,  
And all our wants supplies.
- 6 Thus the Redeemer came,  
By water and by blood ;  
And when the spirit speaks the fame,  
We feel his witness good.
- 7 While the eternal Three,  
Bear their record above ;  
Here I believe he dy'd for me,  
And seal'd my Saviour's love.
- 

## H Y M N 77.

- 1 **N**ATURE with open volume stands,  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;  
And ev'ry labour of his hands,  
Shews something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,  
His brightest form of glory shines ;  
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,  
In precious blood, and crimson lines.



- 3 Here I behold his inmost heart,  
Where grace and vengeance strangely join;  
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,  
To make the purchas'd pleasure mine.
- 4 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!  
Her noble life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 5 I would for ever speak his name,  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's throne.
- 

## H Y M N 78.

- 1 **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are!  
How heav'nly is the place  
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast  
Of his redeeming grace.
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,  
And sweetest glories shine;  
Where Jesus says, that "I am his,  
"And my beloved's mine."
- 3 Here, (says the kind redeeming Lord,  
"And shews his wounded side)  
"See here the spring of all your joys,  
"That open'd when I dy'd!"
- [4 To him that wash'd us in his blood,  
Be everlasting praise;  
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,  
Eternal as his days.]

## H Y M N 79.

[1 **H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord!  
Thy table furnish'd from above!

The fruits of life o'erspread the board,  
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews  
Were first invited to the feast;  
We humbly take what they refuse,  
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,  
And help was far, and death was nigh!  
But at the gospel-call we came,  
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,  
From paths of darkness and despair;  
Lord! we are come with thee to dwell,  
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

[5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,  
That left the heav'n of his abode?  
And to this wretched earth came down,  
To bring us wand'ers back to God!

6 It cost him death to save our lives,  
To buy our souls it cost his own;  
And all the unknown joys he gives.  
We're bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due  
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;  
And pity'd rebels when he knew,  
The vast expence his love would cost.]

## H Y M N 80.

1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,  
 With Christ within the doors :  
 Whilst everlasting love displays  
 The choicest of her stores !

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God  
 With soft compassion rolls ;  
 Here peace and pardon bought with blood,  
 Is food for dying souls.

[3 While all our hearts and all our songs  
 Join to admire the feast !  
 Each of us cry with thankful tongues,  
 " Lord, why was I a guest ?

4 " Why was I made to hear thy voice.  
 " And enter whilst there's room ;  
 " When thousands make a wretched choice,  
 " And rather starve than come ?"]

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
 That sweetly forc'd us in ;  
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,  
 And perish'd in our sin.

## H Y M N 81.

1 **N**OW have our hearts embrac'd our God,  
 We would forget all earthly charms ;  
 And wish to die, as Simeon wou'd,  
 With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,  
 Were but our hearts prepar'd like his ;

- “ Our souls still willing to be gone,  
 “ And at thy word depart in peace.
- 3 “ Here we have seen thy face, O Lord!  
 “ And view’d salvation with our eyes,  
 “ Tasted and felt the living word,  
 “ The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 “ Thou hast prepar’d this dying Lamb,  
 “ Hast set his blood before our face;  
 “ To teach the terrors of thy name,  
 “ And shew the wonders of thy grace
- 5 “ He is our light; our morning-star,  
 “ Shall shine on nations yet unknown;  
 “ The glory of thine Isr’el here,  
 “ And joys of spirits near the throne.
- 

## H Y M N 82.

- [1 **T**HE mem’ry of our dying Lord  
 Awakes a thankful tongue;  
 How rich he spreads his royal board,  
 And blest’d the food and sung.
- 2 “ Happy the man that eats this bread,”  
 But doubly blest was he  
 That gently bow’d his loving head,  
 And lean’d it, Lord, on thee.
- 3 By faith, the same delights we taste,  
 As that great fav’rite did;  
 And sit and lean on Jesus’ breast,  
 And take the heav’nly bread.]



- 4 Down from the palace of the skies,  
Hither the King descends;  
"Come, my beloved, eat, he cries,  
"And drink salvation, friends.
- [5 "My flesh is food and physic too,  
"A balm for all your pains;  
"And the red streams of pardon flow,  
"From these my pierced veins."]
- 6 Hosanna to his bounteous love,  
For such a feast below!  
And yet he feeds his saints above  
With nobler blessings too.
- [7 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,  
That brings our souls to rest!  
Then we shall need these types no more,  
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.

---

H Y M N 83.

- 1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,  
Our hearts no more repine;  
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,  
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
- 2 In lively figures here we see,  
The bleeding Prince of love;  
Each of us hope he dy'd for me,  
And then our griefs remove.
- 3 Our hymns should sound like those above,  
Could we our voices raise:  
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,  
And all our lives be praise.

## HYMN 84.

[1 **W**E sing th' amazing deeds,  
That grace divine performs;  
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds,  
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul - reviving wine,  
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;  
We thank that sacred flesh of thine,  
For this immortal food.]

3 The banquet that we eat,  
Is made of heav'nly things;  
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet,  
As our Redeemer brings.

4 Come, all ye drooping faints,  
And banquet with the King;  
This wine will drown your sad complaints,  
And tune your voice to sing—

3 Salvation to the name,  
Of our adored Christ;  
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,  
His glory in the highest.

## HYMN 85.

1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord  
Here we attend thy dying feast;  
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,  
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in one that dy'd;  
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

- 3 Let the vain world pronounce its shame,  
 And fling their scandals on the cause;  
 We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
 And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age;  
 He that was dead has left his tomb;  
 He lives above their utmost rage,  
 And we are waiting till he come.
- 

## H Y M N 86.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,  
 And sing the solemn feast;  
 Where sweet celestial dainties stand,  
 For ev'ry willing guest.
- 2 The tree of life adorns the board  
 With rich immortal fruit,  
 And ne'er an angry flaming sword  
 To guard the passage to't.
- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice,  
 The fountain flows above;  
 And runs down streaming for our use,  
 In rivulets of love.
- 4 The food prepar'd by heav'nly art,  
 The pleasure's well refin'd;  
 They spread new life thro' ev'ry heart,  
 And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,  
 Ye faints that taste his wine:  
 Join with your kindred faints above,  
 In loud Hosannas join.

- 6 A thousand glories to the God  
 That gives such joy as this :  
 Hosanna let it sound abroad,  
 And reach where Jesus is.
- 

## H Y M N 87.

- [1 **C**OME, let us lift our voices high,  
 High as our joys arise ;  
 And join the songs above the sky,  
 Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the God, that fought and bled,  
 And conquer'd when he fell ;  
 That rose and at his chariot-wheels  
 Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.
- [3 Jesus, the God invites us here  
 To this triumphal feast ;  
 And brings immortal blessings down  
 For each redeemed guest.]
- 4 The Lord ! how glorious is his face !  
 How kind his smiles appear !  
 And O ! what melting words he says  
 To ev'ry humble ear !
- 5 " For you the children of my love,  
 " It was for you I dy'd ;  
 " Behold my hands, behold my feet,  
 " And look into my side.
- 6 " These are the wounds for you I bore,  
 " The tokens of my pains ;  
 " When I came down to free your souls  
 " From misery and chains.



- [7 " Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,  
 " And plung'd it in my heart;  
 " Infinite pangs for you I bore,  
 " And most tormenting smart.
- 8 " When hell and all its spiteful pow'rs,  
 " Stood dreadful in my way;  
 " To rescue those dear lives of yours,  
 " I gave my own away."
- 9 Victorious God! what can we pay  
 For favours so divine?  
 We would devote our hearts away,  
 To be for ever thine.]
- 

## H Y M N 88.

- [1 **S**ITTING around our Father's board,  
 We raise our tuneful breath;  
 Our faith beholds her dying Lord,  
 And dooms our sins to death.]
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,  
 Whence all our pardons rise;  
 The sinner views th' atonement made,  
 And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross  
 Procure us heav'nly crowns;  
 Our highest gain springs from thy loss,  
 Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 Oh! 'tis impossible that we  
 Who dwell in feeble clay;  
 Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,  
 Or equal thanks repay.

## H Y M N 89.

1 **F**ATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,  
 To see thy glories shine;  
 The Lord will his own table bless,  
 And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,  
 We drink the sacred cup;  
 With outward forms our sense is fed,  
 Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne  
 Of our forgiving God,  
 Drest'd in the garments of his Son,  
 And sprinkled with his blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,  
 And climb the upper sky;  
 Christ will provide our souls with grace,  
 He bought a large supply.

[5 Let us indulge a chearful frame,  
 For joy becomes a feast;  
 We love the mem'ry of his name  
 More than the wine we taste.]

## H Y M N 90.

1 **H**OW are thy glories here display'd!  
 Great God how bright they shine!  
 While at thy word we break the bread,  
 And pour the flowing wine.

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,  
 And pleads its dreadful cause;  
 Here saving mercy spreads her hands,  
 Like Jesus on the cross.

- 3 Thy saints attend with every grace  
On this great sacrifice;  
And love appears with chearful face,  
And faith with fixed eyes.
- 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,  
To heav'n directs her sight;  
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,  
And warmer pow'rs unite.
- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,  
And rising sin destroy;  
Repentance comes with aching heart,  
Yet not forbids the joy.
- 6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,  
Let sin for ever die;  
Then shall our souls be all delight,  
And ev'ry tear be dry.
- 

## HYMN 91.—FOR CHRISTMAS.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh,  
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;  
And grace, descending from on high,  
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n;  
By his obedience so compleat,  
Justice is pleas'd and peace is giv'n.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,  
Religion dwell on earth again;  
And heav'nly influence bless the ground,  
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

- 4 His righteousness is gone before,  
 To give us free access to God;  
 Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,  
 But mark his steps, and keep the road.
- 

HYMN 92.—FOR CHRISTMAS.

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my song record,  
 The truth and mercy of the Lord;  
 Mercy and truth for ever stand  
 Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware; and said,  
 " With thee my cov'nant first is made;  
 " In thee shall dying sinners live,  
 " Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 " Be thou my prophet, thou my priest;  
 " Thy children shall be ever blest!  
 " Thou art my chosen King; Thy throne  
 " Shall stand eternal like my own.
- 4 " There's none of all my sons above  
 " So much my image or my love;  
 " Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are,  
 " Then what can earth to thee compare?
- 5 " David, my servant, whom I chose  
 " To guard my flock, to crush my foes;  
 " And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,  
 " Was but a shadow of my Son."
- 6 Now let the church rejoice and sing,  
 Jesus her Saviour, and her King:  
 Angels his heav'nly wonders shew,  
 And saints declare his works below.



## HYMN 93.—FOR CHRISTMAS.

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,  
And made his mercy known ;  
“ Sinners, behold your help is laid,  
“ On my almighty Son.”
- 2 Behold the man my wisdom chose  
Among your mortal race ;  
His head my holy oil o’erflows,  
The spirit of my grace.
- 3 High shall he reign on David’s throne,  
My people’s better King ;  
My arm shall beat his rivals down,  
And still new subjects bring.
- 4 My truth shall guard him in his way  
With mercy by his side :  
While in my name thro’ earth and sea,  
He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 Me for his Father and his God,  
He shall for ever own ,  
Call me his rock, his high abode,  
And I’ll support my Son.
- 6 My first-born Son array’d in grace,  
At my right-hand shall sit ;  
Beneath him angels know their place,  
And monarchs at his feet.
- 7 My cov’nant stands for ever fast,  
My promises are strong ;  
Firm as the heav’ns his throne shall last,  
His seed endure as long.

## HYMN 94.—FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

- 1 **N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,  
O Lord, protect thy Son!  
Nor leave thy darling to engage  
The pow'rs of hell alone.
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,  
With mighty cries and tears;  
God heard him in that dreadful day,  
And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,  
His throne exalted high;  
And all the kindreds of the earth,  
Shall worship or shall die.
- 4 A num'rous offspring must arise  
From his expiring groans;  
They shall be reckon'd, in his eyes,  
For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see  
His table richly spread;  
And all that seek the Lord shall be,  
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness  
Of our incarnate God;  
And nations yet unborn profess,  
Salvation in his blood.

## HYMN 95.—FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record,  
The dying sorrows of our Lord;  
When he complain'd in tears and blood,  
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,  
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn;  
"He rescue'd others from the grave,  
"Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 "This is the man did once pretend,  
"God was his Father, and his friend;  
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,  
"Why does he fail to help him now?"
- 4 Barbarous people; cruel priests!  
How they stood round like savage beasts;  
Like lions gaping to devour,  
When God had left him in their pow'r.
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,  
Till streams of blood each other meet;  
By lot his garments they divide,  
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.
- 6 But God his Father heard his cry,  
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;  
The nations learn his righteousness,  
And humble sinners taste his grace.

## HYMN 96.—FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

- 1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,  
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;  
Should I attempt the long detail,  
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
- 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,  
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;  
But thou hast set before our eyes,  
An all-sufficient sacrifice.
- 3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,  
To thy designs he bows his ears;  
Assumes a body well prepar'd,  
And well performs a work so hard.
- 4 "Behold, I come, (the Saviour cries,  
"With love and duty in his eyes)  
"I come to bear the heavy load  
"Of sins, and do thy will my God.
- 5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,  
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me,  
"I must fulfil the Saviour's part,  
"And lo! thy law is in my heart.
- 6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,  
"And rebels to obedience draw;  
"When on my cross I'm lifted high,  
"Or to my crown above the sky.
- 7 "The spirit shall descend and show  
"What thou hast done, and what I do;  
"The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,  
"Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."



## HYMN 97.—FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

- 1 **F**ATHER I sing thy wond'rous grace,  
I bless my Saviour's name :  
He bought salvation for the poor,  
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,  
His duty and his zeal  
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,  
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,  
Shall better please my God,  
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,  
Than goats or bullocks blood.
- 4 This shall his humble followers see,  
And set their hearts at rest ;  
They by his death draw near to thee,  
And live for ever blest.
- 5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,  
To God their voices raise ;  
While lands and seas assist the sky,  
And join t' advance the praise.
- 9 Zion is thine, most holy God,  
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;  
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,  
For thy own Isr'el waits.

## HYMN 98.—FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record,  
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord;  
 Behold the rising billows roll,  
 To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,  
 While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,  
 And all the sons of malice join,  
 To execute their curst design.
- 3 Yet gracious God, thy pow'r and love,  
 Has made the curse a blessing prove;  
 Those dreadful suff'rings of thy son,  
 Aton'd for sins which we had done.
- 5 Oh! for his sake our guilt forgive,  
 And let the mourning sinner live;  
 The Lord will hear us in his name,  
 Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

## HYMN 99.—FOR EASTER-DAY.

- 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay  
 The Lord's anointed Son?  
 Why did they cast his laws away,  
 And tread his gospel down?
- 2 The Lord that sits above the skies,  
 Derides their rage below;  
 He speaks with veng'ance in his eyes,  
 And strike their spirits through.

- 3 " I call him my eternal Son,  
 " And raise him from the dead ;  
 " I make my holy hill his throne,  
 " And wide his kingdom spread.
- 4 " Ask me my Son, and then enjoy,  
 " The utmost Heathen lands ;  
 " Thy rod of iron shall destroy,  
 " The rebel that withstands."
- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,  
 Obey th' anointed Lord,  
 Adore the King of heav'nly birth,  
 And tremble at his word.
- 9 With humble love address his throne,  
 For if he frowns ye die ;  
 Those are secure, and those alone,  
 Who on his grace rely.

## HYMN 100.—FOR EASTER-DAY.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
 He calls the hours his own ;  
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
 And praise surround thy throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,  
 And satan's empire fell ;  
 To-day the faints his triumph spread,  
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
 To David's holy Son ;  
 Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring  
 Salvation from thy throne.

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,  
 With messages of grace ;  
 Who comes in God the Father's name,  
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains ;  
 The church on earth can raise ;  
 The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,  
 Shall give him nobler praise.
- 

## HYMN 101.—FOR EASTER-DAY.

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone !  
 The builders did refuse ;  
 Yet God has built his church thereon,  
 In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest  
 Reject thine only son ;  
 Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,  
 As the chief corner stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
 And wond'rous in our eyes ;  
 This day declares it all divine,  
 This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day  
 That our Redeemer made ;  
 Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,  
 Let all the church be glad.



5 Hosanna to the King  
Of David's royal blood ;  
Bless him, ye faints ; He comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word  
Which all this grace displays ;  
And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
Our sacrifice of praise.

---

## HYMN 102.—FOR WHITSUNDAY.

1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;  
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious when the Lord was there ;  
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribe with awe,

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell ;  
That thousand souls had captive made,  
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
He sent the promis'd spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

## HYMN 103.—FOR THE SACRAMENT.

- 1 **A**H tell us no more,  
The spirit and pow'r,  
Of Jesus our God,  
Is not to be found in this life-giving food.
- 2 Did Jesus ordain,  
His supper in vain,  
And furnish a feast  
For none but his earliest servants to taste.
- 3 Nay, but this is his will,  
(We know it and feel)  
That we should partake  
The banquet for all he so freely did make.
- 4 In rapturous bliss  
He bids us do this,  
The joy it imparts  
Hath witness'd his gracious design in our hearts.
- 5 'Tis God we believe,  
Who cannot deceive,  
The witness of God  
Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.
- 6 Receiving the bread  
On Jesus we feed,  
It doth not appear  
His manner of working; but Jesus is here!

## HYMN 104.—FOR NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

- 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun,  
Hasted thro' the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here :  
Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below ;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little—none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,  
Speedily the mark to find ;  
As the light'ning from the skies,  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind :  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days,  
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,  
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us, henceforth, how to live  
With eternity in view :  
Bless thy word to young and old,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.
- 

## HYMN 105.—FOR NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,  
The God of ages praise !  
Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
Ancient of endless days ;

Who lengthens out our trial here,  
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,  
We cumber'd long the ground ;  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found :  
Yet did he us in mercy spare,  
Another, and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword,  
To cut the fig-tree down,  
The pity of our Lord,  
Cry'd—" Let it still alone :"  
The Father mild inclin'd his ear,  
And spar'd us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood  
From God obtain'd the grace,  
Who therefore has bestow'd  
On us a longer space :  
Thou did'st in our behalf appear,  
And lo ! we see another year.

5 Then dig about our root,  
Break up our fallow ground,  
And let our gracious fruit  
To thy great praise abound.  
O let us all thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.



## HYMN 106.—For YOUTH.

1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth  
The gift of saving grace;  
And let the seed of sacred truth,  
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,  
Of pure and heav'nly root;  
But fairest in the youngest shews,  
And yields the sweetest fruits.

3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes  
The voice of sovereign love!  
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,  
But mercy reigns above.

4 True, you are young, but there's a stone,  
Within the youngest breast;  
Or half the crimes which you have done  
Would rob you of your rest.

5 For you the public pray'r is made,  
Oh! join the public pray'r!  
For you the secret tear is shed,  
O shed yourselves a tear.

6 We pray that you may early prove,  
The spirit's power to teach;  
You cannot be too young to love  
That Jesus whom we preach.

## HYMN 107.—FOR YOUTH.

- 1 **L**ET us adore the grace that seeks  
To draw our hearts above !  
Attend, 'tis God the Saviour speaks,  
And ev'ry word is love.
- 2 Tho' fill'd with awe, before his throne  
Each angel veils his face ;  
He claims a people for his own  
Amongst our sinful race.
- 3 Careless awhile, they live in sin,  
Enslav'd to Satan's pow'r ;  
But they obey the call divine,  
In his appointed hour.
- 4 " Come forth, he says, no more pursue  
" The paths that lead to death ;  
" Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,  
" Look, and be sav'd by faith.
- 5 " My sons and daughters you shall be,  
" Thro' the atoning blood ;  
" And you shall claim, and find, in me  
" A Father, and a God."
- 6 Lord, speak these words to ev'ry heart,  
By thine all-powerful voice ;  
That we may now from sin depart,  
And make thy love our choice.
- 7 If now, we learn to seek thy face,  
By Christ, the living way ;  
We'll praise thee for this hour of grace,  
Thro' an eternal day.

## HYMN 108.—FOR YOUTH.

- 1 **B**ENEATH the tyrant Satan's yoke,  
Our souls were long oppress'd;  
Till grace our galling fetters broke,  
And gave the weary rest.
- 2 Jesus, in that important hour,  
His mighty arm made known;  
He ransom'd us by price and pow'r,  
And claim'd us for his own.
- 3 Now freed from bondage, sin, and death,  
We walk in Wisdom's ways;  
And wish to spend our ev'ry breath,  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 4 Ere long, we hope with him to dwell,  
In yonder world above;  
And now we only live to tell,  
The riches of his love,
- 5 O! might we ere we hence remove,  
Prevail upon our youth;  
To seek, that they may likewise prove,  
His mercy and his truth.
- 6 Like Simeon, we shall gladly go,  
When Jesus calls us home;  
If they are left a seed below,  
To serve him in our room.
- 7 Lord hear our pray'r, indulge our hope,  
On these thy spirit pour;  
That they may take our story up,  
When we can speak no more.

## HYMN 109.—ON CHARITY.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose bowels move,  
And melt with pity to the poor ;  
Whose soul by sympathizing love,  
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.
  - 2 His heart contrives for their relief,  
More good than his own hands can do ;  
He in the time of gen'ral grief,  
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.
  - 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,  
With secret blessings on his head,  
When drought, and pestilence, and death,  
Around him multiply their dead.
  - 4 Or if he languish on his couch,  
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,  
Will save him with a healing touch,  
Or take his willing soul to heaven.
- 

## HYMN 110.—ON CHARITY.

- 1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,  
And follows his commands ;  
Who lends the poor without reward,  
Or gives with lib'ral hands.
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast  
To all the sons of need ;  
So God shall answer his request,  
With blessings on his seed.



- 3 No evil tidings shall surprize,  
 His well-establiſh'd mind;  
 His ſoul to God his refuge flies,  
 And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of general diſtreſs  
 Some beams of light ſhall ſhine,  
 To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,  
 And give him peace divine.
- 5 His works of piety and love,  
 Remain before the Lord;  
 Honour on earth, and joys above,  
 Shall be his ſure reward.

## HYMN III.—ON THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

1, **T**IS finiſh'd, 'tis done!

The ſpirit is fled,  
 The priſ'ner is gone,  
 The chriſtian is dead:  
 The chriſtian is living  
 Thro' Jeſus his love,  
 And gladly receiving  
 A kingdom above.

2 All honour and praiſe  
 Is Jeſus's due;  
 Supported by grace,  
 He fought his way thro':  
 Triumphantly glorious,  
 Thro' Jeſus's zeal,  
 And more than victorious  
 O'er ſin, death and hell.

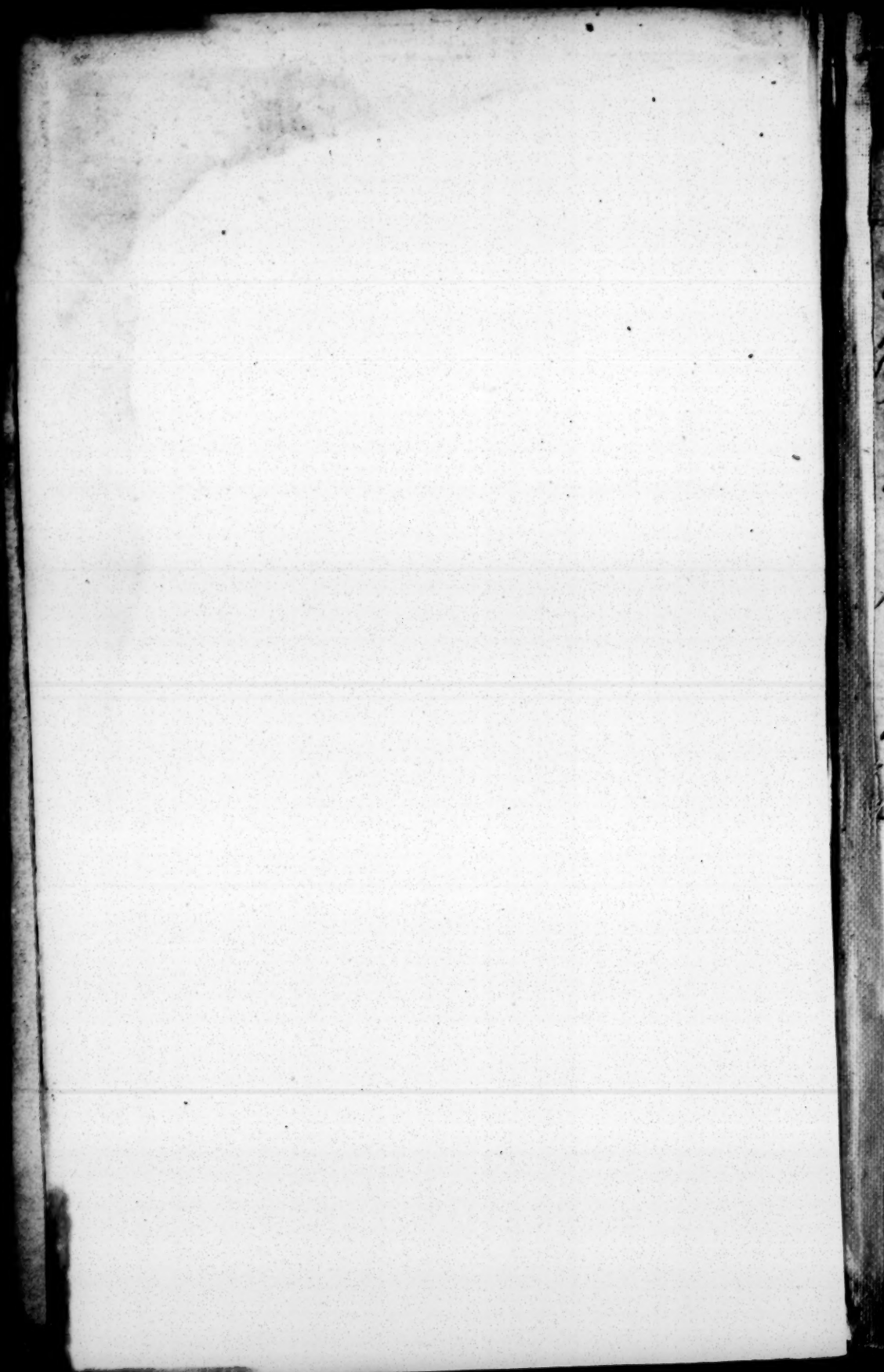
3 Then let us record  
The conquering name,  
Our Captain and Lord  
With shoutings proclaim :  
Who trust in his passion,  
And follow our head,  
To certain salvation  
We all shall be led.

4 O Jesus, lead on  
Thy militant care,  
And give us the crown,  
Of righteousness there :  
Where dazzled with glory  
The seraphim gaze,  
Or prostrate adore thee  
In silence of praise.

5 Come, Lord, and display  
Thy sign in the sky,  
And bear us away  
To mansions on high :  
The kingdom be given,  
The purchase divine,  
And crown us in heav'n  
Eternally thine.

F I N I S.







William  
of John Wallis  
Baptized August  
the 17: 1766 -

Witness my hand  
William Giles